

Here begynnes the mayng or disport of
chancer.



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the *entomological* character of
the *soil* -

To may quhen flora the fresche lusty quene
the snyl bath cladd in redde quhyte grene aright
And phebus gan to shende his shenes shene
Amyode the bale with all his bemes bright
And Lucifer to chace avey the nyght
Ayene the morow or orisent bath take
To bidde louris out of chare slepe alake,

And hertes hevy so: to recomfort
from dreyhede and hevy nychees sorrow.
Nature hadde hym rile and disport
Ayene the gudely gladdie gray morow
And hope with leyne Ihou to borow
Hadde in despite of dangere and dispart
for to tak the holesum lusty aire

And Wyth a siche I gan to abreide
Out of my sombre and sodaynly up stert
As he allace that neigh for sorow deid
My seknes latt ay to neigh my hert
Dot for to synd succoure of my smert
Or at the leste sum relche of my peyne
That me so sore held in ewiry beyne

I rose alone and thought I wold gone
In to the woodde to here the birdes syng
Quhen that the mysty vapoure was al gone
And clere and feire was the dawing
The dew al so like silvur in shynnyng
Upon the leues as any balme liete
Til syre Tytan with his plant herte,

Hadde dryet up the lusty licoure new

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Upon the herbes in the grene meid
And that the floures of many diuerse heid
Upon thare stalkes gommet for to spreid
And for to splay out thair leves in biid
Ayenes the soni gold burned in his spere
That douin to thame cast his bemes clere,

And by a ryuer com I furth cosley
Of Watt cler as berial or cristalle
Til at the last I fond a lytil Wey
Towart a park enclosyt Wyth a Walle
In compas round and by a gate smal
Dubo lo that Wold frely myght gone
In till this park Wallit Wyth grene stone

And In I Went to here the biddes long
Duhiche in branchis and in plane vale
So lond lond that al the londerong
Lyke as it schuld shewe in pecis snale
And as me thoughte that the nyghtgale
Wyth so grete myghte hyt Wice gan out breste
Kyght as hit her to lone Wold to breste

The style Was pleyn smoth and wounde soft
Al ouer spradde Wyth capitis that natur
Hadde mayd hyt selue siluered eke aloft
Wyth bewis grene the floures for to cure
That in thare beaute they mow long endure
Duhiche in his spere so hooche schene & clere

The eyre attemper and the smoth Wynd
Of phebus among the blostimes quhite

So hoolsum was and nor yleng be lynd
 That smale broides and round blomes lyte
 In maner gan off thare brest delyte
 To gyse ws hop that thay fruyte shall take
 Ayene autumpne redy for to shake,

I saw the daphyn closed wond rynde
 Sene laurere and the hoolum pyne
 The myre alle that wepech ewir of lynde,
 The hev cydryce wryght as a lyne
 The filhart eke that saw dooth inclyne
 Hys bellis grene unto the erd adown
 Unto hy: knyght callit demephoun

There saw I eke the fresche haw thorn
 In quibite marte that so suete doth knell
 Alhe syre and ake wych many a yhong accost
 And many a tre mo than I han tell
 And me beforin I saw a littill well
 That hadde his course as I can bithold
 Wondy: a hill wych quyl: stemes colo

The gravaile like gold the watter pure as glasly
 The bounches round the well enderonyng
 And lost as velvet the yhong grasse,
 That therre upon lustely gan spring
 The nombre of treis about compaslyng
 There shadew cast closyngh the well round
 And al the herbes growyng on the ground

The wact was so hoolsum and virtouse
 Throu my of herbes growyng be syde
 Nought like the well quhere as Marchius

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Slauen Was thoro vengeance of cupide
Quhere so comunitly he did abide
The grey of deth upon the brynk
For deth mot folow quho that euer it drynk

No liche the pite of pegate
Wunder pernaso quhare that poetes slepte
No like the Well of pure chalkite
Quhiche as dyam With hyz nymphes kept
Quhen sche nakit in the Water lept
That slew anecon With hyz hundis fell
Only so: he come so ney the Well

Dot this Well that I here reberce
So hoolsum Was that it wold asuage
Relyng herces and the venym prese
Of penylste hede With all the cruell rage
And euermore refresche the visage
Of hem that wo: in any heuincie
Of grete laboure or: fallen in distre

And I that hadde throu danger and dedeyn
So dry a thyst thought I wold assay
To taiss o draught of this Well o: tueyn
My bitter langur if It myght alay
And on the bank anone down I lay
And With my hede unto the Well I raughe
And of the wwater dronk a good draught

This herbere wves ful of flours of ynde
In to the quhiche as I byholde can
Atur one hoser and o wwo bynd
As I wwas wvar I lass quhere lay o man

In blak and quibite cauloure pale and wan
 And wonder dedely was he also of helw
 Off hurtes grene and frelche woundes new

And euermore distreyned with liknese
 Beside at this he was ful greuously
 For upon hym he hadde a grete accele
 That day by day hym sholde ful picously
 So that sore constreynt of his malady
 And herly wothys lyand allone
 It was a deth for to here him grone

Wherof astonaid my fote I gan with draw
 Gretely woundryng quhat it myhte be
 That he so lay and had no felaw
 Ne that I houth no wight with him se
 Wherof I had reuch and eke pite
 And can anone so softly as I houd
 Among the buskis me pauely to schroud

If that I myght in ony wile aspy
 What was the caule of his dedely wwo
 Or quhy that he so picously gau cry
 On his tortone and his ure also
 With al my myght I leyd myne ere to
 Entry wbound to merke quhat he seid
 Out of his suouche among as he abred

Bot firsly I shuld mak mention
 Of his perisoun and plenely hym discryue
 He was in looth with out exception
 To speke of manhede one the best on lyue
 Tho're may no man ayene treuch sryve

For off his tyne and off his age alſo
He preved Was there menſchuld haue ado

For one the best both off b:ede and leuch,
So Wele ymaid be good proporcoun
Ifſſhe had bene in his deliuer streuch
Dot thought and letnes Werē occaſion
That he thus lay in lamentation
Grouſſe on the hround in place desolate
Sole by hym ſelue he wept and Was mate

And for me ſemeth that It is ſitting
His Wordis all to put in renebraunce
To me that herd all his compleynynge
And all the ground off his wofull chaunce
If there wytch all I may do yow plesance
I Woll his Wordis ryght as I can anſſ
Eich as he ſaid reherce chaim euerichone

Dot quho ſhall help me now to compleyn
O quho ſhall now my ſtyle gy or lede
Deyne tuo latt now yhour teris reyne
In to my pen and help now in this nede
Thow woful myre thou ſealeſt my hert bled
Of pitouſe Wo and my hond eke quabe
Duben that I write eke for this maiſ ſuſh

For unto Wo accordeth compleynynge
And dule ful cheſt unto hevinle
To ſorow alſo ſyking and weeping
And pytouſe murnyng unto derynle
And quho that ſhall write of diſtrefle
In party nedeth to know ſelyngly

The cause and cure offlueche a malady

Bot I allate that am off Wit bot dulle
And has wo knowlage of liche matere
For to discerne and Wyten at the fullie
The Wofull compleyn quiche that yheschal here
Bot evyn like as doth a scryuener
That can nemore bot that he schal write
Ryght as his maister beside hym doth endite

Ryght so fare I that of no sentement
Can ley ryght noughe in conclusioun
Bot as I herd quhen that I was present
This man compleyns Wyth a picoule sonne
For e Wyll like Wyth oue addition
Off discernere oþir more or lese
For to reherce anon I well me diele.

And if that ony now be in this place
That feel in loving bryuyng of feruence
D: bend:it war in to his ladis grace
Wyth fals to wng or Wyth pecculence
To sice trew men that ne Wit did offence
In Worde no: deid in thare entent
If ony liche be here now in presene

Lat hym of reuth lay to audience
Wyth duleful chere and sobre countenance
To here this man besil he sentence
His mortale wo and his pertuauance
Compleyn now lyng in atraunce
Wyth luke wpcast and Wyth reuful chere
The effecte of quiche was as yhe schall here

The thought opprescit Wyche in Wart like son
 The peynful lyffe the body langwising
 The woful goost the hert rent and tore
 The pitousle chere pale in compleynng
 The dedely face like ashis in shynynge
 The salt teis that from myn eyen fall
 Playn can declare the ground of my peyn all,

Whosois hert is ground to bleid in hevinle
 The thought refette of wo and compleyn
 The breste is chis of dule and derynle
 The body eke so feble and so feyne
 Wyth hote and colde myn axes is so meyn
 That now I chill for defaute of heet
 And hoot as gled now lodeynly I sueet

Now hoot as fire and cold as asses dede,
 Now hoote from cald and colde from hote ayent
 Now colde as yle now hote as coles rede
 For heet I bryune and thus bryuix tueyn
 Ypissold am and al for cast in peyn
 So that my cold pleyenly as I fele,
 Off grevauice cold is cause of my dele

This is the caulde of inwart hie distresse
 Colde of disperte and colde of cruelle hate
 This is the colde that doth his belnes
 Ayenest treuch to fighte and to debate
 This is the colde that wold chefyre a bate
 Of trew menyng allace the harde quibile
 This is the colde that wold me begile,

For ewer the bett that I treuchment

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Wyth all my myght feichfully to serue
Wyth herte & all to be diligent.
The les thanz allace I can deserue
Thus for my treuthe dangere doth deserue
For one that schuld my deeth of mercy lett
Hath madis spite now his lierd to quibett

Ayenes me and his arowes file
To tak vengeance of Willfull cruelte
And to vngis fale throw thare sleightly wile.
Hauie goun avbere that Wol nat syntid be
Of fale envy of vtrech and innymyte
Hauie conspirit ayenes all ry and low
Of thare malice thare th:ov I shalbe slow

And malebousche gon first the tale tell
To Island treuthe of indignacion
And fale report so loud rong the bell
That mysterabile if and fale suspcion
Hauie treuthe I broughte to his dampnation
So that allace Wongfully he dieth
And his place now fallnese occupieth

And entred is in to treuchis lond.
And hach ther of fully possession
O ry ful goo that first the treugh fond
How maist you suffre lutsche oppression
That falsehede schuld hauie iurisdiction
In treuchis ry to see hym gilcise
In his frauchise he may nat lyve in pese

Falsely accused and of his soon foriugede
Wythoute answare quhill he vwas ablent

He dampned was and may nat bene excusis
fro cruelte satt in iugement
Off hastisnese Wych out a wilement
And hadde de denye be execuce anone,
His iugement in presence off his son

Auctoray may none admittit be
To excule treuch now in Ward to speke
To feith nor soch the iuge list nougnt se
Theire is no gayn bot he wolbe wreke
A lorde of treuch to the I call and clepe
How may thow se thus in thi presence
Withouten mercy mirthir innocence

Now god that art off treuch louueraine
And leist how I lig for treuch ibound
Sore knett in loues syere cheyne
Ewyn at the deth onergirt Wych many o wounyd
That likly bene heldir for to lound
And for my treuch am damned to þ deth
And not to abide bot do w longere thi bretch

Conslid and se in thmē eternale ryght
How that myn hert professyt sum cymewas
Fo: to be trew Wych al my full myhce
Onely to one the quiche no w allace
Off volente Wych out any trespass
Myng accusoures hath tak vnto grace
And cheriseth thaym my deth to purchase,

Quhat menech this quhat is this vboundy vbie
Off purveyaunce If I schall it call
O god of loue that false thai so assire

And trew allace down of thi quheil be fall
 And yhite in soth this is the Worke of all
 That wrongfully false heide of treuch hath the name
 And treuch ayenwart of falso heide berth the blame.

This blynd chamise this stormy aventure
 In loue hath most his experiance
 For: quho that doth wryth treuch most his cure
 Schall for: his meid lynd most offence
 That serueth loue wryth all his diligence
 For: quho can seyne wryth loulyhede
 Ne falleth nougnt to fynd grace and spes

For: I louet one ful long sithen gone
 Wryth al my hert body and ful my ghe
 And to bene dede my hert can nougnt gone
 From my behest bat hold that I haue hight
 Though I be banyll out of hyt syghe
 And by hyt mouth damped that I schal dey
 Wnto my behest yhite I Woll obey

For: eWit sithen that the Worlde bygan
 Duho so lust luke and in store rede
 He schall ay fynd that the trew man
 Was put abat: quhere as þ falle heide
 yfurtherede Was for: loue tak: now heide
 To flee the trew and hath of charme no charge
 Quhere as the falso goith frely at his large

It tak: recorde off palamydes
 The trew man the noble worthy knyf
 That eWit loued and of his peyn no relie
 Nougnt wrythstanding his manhede and his my

1oue unto hym do full greevynge
for ay the bett he do in chivalrye
The more he was henyng be envy

And ewer the bett he did in evry place
Thow his knyfede and his bely peyn
The ferthir was he fro his ladiis grace
for to hit mertry myght he never acryne
And to his dech he coude It nat refreyne
for no dangere hot ay o bey and serue
As he best coude pleynly till he sterue

Quhat was the fyne aliso of Hercules
for all his conquest and his Worthyngnes
That was of strengh alone pereles
for like as bookes list of hym exprese
He sett pilers thow his bey prowel
A way at gaddis for to singnyfy
That no man myght hym passe in chivalry

The quiche pilers bene ferre be yond Inde
ylett of gold for a remebrance
And for all that yhite was he sett byhynd
Wyth chame that loun list febilly avaunce
for hym sett lask apon adaunce
Ayenes quhois help may none strye
for all his treuch yhite he loste his lyve

Phebus also wyth all his plauant lyght
Quhen that he went here in erl low
Unto the hert wyth venus lyght
ylboundit was thow Cupidis olvi bow
And yhite his lady ilk nouȝt hym to knowl

Thogh he so: hit loue his hert did blede
 Sche leit hym go and tuk of hym no heide

Quhat schall I say of yong Pyramus
 Off trew crestram so: all his hry renous
 Of Achilles or off Antonys
 Off arcite or of hym palamous
 Quhat was the end off here passiouys
 Bot after sorow deth and than thare grabe
 Lo here the guerdoun that this loueris have

Bot fale Jasoun with his dounbilnes
 That was vntrew to hokes to medee
 And checins rule of vnykyndene
 And Wyth ches cwo eke the fale enee
 Lo thus the fale ay in o degré
 Hadde in loue there lust and al there will
 And sene falsehede that was none oþer skil.

Off thebes eke the fale arcite.
 And demephousis eke so: his sleuth
 Thei hadde thare lust and al that myghte delyte
 So: al thare falsehede and grete vntreuth,
 Thus eþer loue allace in that is reuth
 His fale legis furcherith quhat he may
 And sleith the trew vngudely day by day

So: trew adone was Geyss with the bore
 Amyo the forel in the grene glade
 So: venus loue he felte al þisore
 Bot dicamus Wyth hit no mercy mapte
 The loule chulle had many myghees glade
 Quhere marris hit hym and hyt man

To lynd mercyno: confout none he can

Allso the yhong frech ypmenes
 A lusty fre as off his corage
 That for to serue Wyth all his hert he chese
 Achalamise so feire of hyt disage
 Hot loue allace quyt hym so his wage
 Wyth cruel danger pleynly at the last
 yat Wyth the deth guerdounlese he past

To here the syne off loues se ruice
 To how he can his seruand quyte,
 To how he can his feichfull men dispise
 To see the trew and fals to respite
 To how he doith the snerde of sorow bite
 In hertis luche as mosle his lustis obey
 To sauie the fals and do the trew dey

For feith ne oth Worde nor assurance
 Trewh menyng a waite nor besmele
 Still port ne faithfull attendauice
 Manhede no myn in armes Worchnese
 Purloyte off Worlchip nor no hie prouesse
 In stronge long rydynge nor cranaile
 Ful lyte or nought in loue doth availe

Perele nor deth in see nor a lond
 Hunger nor thrik sorow nor schmele
 Ne grete empise for to tak on bond
 Sheddning of blude no manfull hardinele,
 Nor oft wounding at lantes by distrele
 Nor in partyng in lyfe nor deth allso
 Allis for nonght loue taketh no heid thereto

Not losingeris Wiche thare flatterye
 Thowth thare fallehede and Wiche thare doubleneise,
 Wyth tales new and many senyeit lie
 Wyth falle semblance and comy feteid humblesse
 Wnder coloure depeynt Wyth fletefalsene
 Wyth fraude couerte Wnder a pitoule face
 Excep be now rathel vnto grace.

And gan chaine seit bell magnyfye
 Wyth senyeid port and presumpcionis
 They change ther caule in fale lucquydry,
 Undir menyng of double entencionis,
 To think on in thare oppymounis
 And ley they ought to lett hem selue aloft,
 And hender trench as It is sene ful oft

The quibiche thyng I by now al to deis
 Thowndid be demis and hit god Cupide
 As It is sene by my oppreslit ther
 And by his arawes that stiken in my syde
 That lane deis I no thing abyde
 From day to day alloce the hard quibise
 When ewir his dart that hym list to file

My wotfull hert for to rybe a fwo
 For faute of mercy and lat of pite
 Of hit that cauleth all my peyne and wo
 And list nat ones of grace for to se
 Wnto my treuch for hit cruelce
 And most of all yhite I me compleyne,
 That sche hath joy to lauch at my peyne
 And wilfulli hatching deis I know

Al gilteles and Woost no cause quhy
 Saue for the treuth that I haue haode aforene
 To hy: allone to serue moste feithfully
 A god aboue unto the I cry
 And to thy blynd doublen deite
 Of this grete Wroung I compleyne me

And to thy stony Wilfull variance
 Mengit with change and gete unstabilnesse
 Now wpon now dounes so ryning in thy chaunce
 That thereto crist may be no likenesse
 I Wyte Ie no thing bot thy doublenesse
 And quho that is one archere and is blynd
 Merketh no thing bot shutes be the Weynd

And so: that he hath no discretione
 Withoutyn awise helattich his arow go
 For latke of syght and also of resoun
 In his schutynge it hapeceth oft so
 To hurt his frende rathare than his foo
 So dooth this god With his isharp stome
 The trew sleith and lettech the falce gone

And of his Wounding this is the Woost of all
 When he hurteth he doth so cruell Wreche
 And maketh the like for to cry and call
 Wonto hys foo so: to bene his leche
 And hard it is for a man to leche
 Wpon the poynct of deth in iupardye
 Wonto his foo to synd remedye

Thus fareth now enyngly by me
 That to my foo that yauie my hert o Wound

Woot are mercy grace and pite
 And nomely there quhere none may be found
 For now my sore my leche woul confound
 And god of kynde so hath lett myn bee
 My lyues too to haue my wo in cure

Allace the quhile now that I was borne
 Of that I laughe euer the bright sonne
 For now I se chaefull long aorne
 I was borne my destanye was spunne
 By percas slycyn to see me if they troune
 For they my deth shapen er my shert
 Only for treuch I may it nat alter

The myghty goddes aliso of nature
 That vnde god hath the gouernaunce
 Of wordy chunges committit to hit cure
 Disposeth hath thow their wyle purveyaunce
 To yif my lady so muche suffisaunce
 Of al vertous and therre Witch all purveyde
 To murther treuch hath tak danger to gide

For bounte beaute schap and semely heede
 Prudence Wit and passingly seorenese
 Denyng port glaode therre Witch loulhyhede
 Of womanhede right plenteoule largese
 Nature did ful in hy: empesie
 Quhansche hy: wrought and al thir last dysedeyne
 To hende treuch sche maid her chamberleyne

Quham to myschyf and fales suspectioun
 Witch myle blyue sche maid for to be
 Cheit of counseil to this conclusion

for to exile reuth and eke pite
 Out of hyt court to mak mercy sile
 So that dispite holdeth furth his ryne
 Thow hasty blyve of tales that men feyne

And thus I am for my treuth allace
 Murtherit and sleyne Wyth wordis scharp and kene
 Sylches god Woot of all trespale
 And lig and blede upon this cold grene
 Now mercy sweete mercy my lydis quene
 And to your grace of mercy pite I prey
 In rhoure seruice that youre man may dey

Dot if so be that I schall dey algate
 And that I schal none by mercy haue
 And of my dech lat this be the date
 That be yhourt wil I was brought to my grane,
 Et hastyk if that ye lik me saue
 Wyth scharp woundis that ake also and blede
 Of mercy charme and als of woman hede

for oþir charme pleynly Is there none
 Dot only mercy in to this case
 for though my wound blede eþir in one
 Wyth life my dech stant all in yhour grace
 And thoght my gilt be no thynge allace
 I ask mercy in al my best entent
 And ready to dee if that yhe assente

for there ayenes schall I neþir stryde
 In word no werk pleynly I ne may
 for lyuar I haue than to be a lyve
 To dee soþly and it be hyt to pay

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yha thought it be this like samy day.

O quhen that ewir hys lust to devile
Suffisith me to ded in his seruice

And god that knowest y thought of ewiry wight
Ryght as it is in ewire thing thou maist se
yice et I dey Wyth all my full myghe
Louly I prey to grant unto me
That ye gudely fair freche + fre
Dubicheleith me only for default of reuth
O than I dey yhe may know be my treuch

For that in sooth suffiseth Wnto me
And sche it knowin ewiry circumstance
And esher I am wele apayed that sche
If that hy: list of deth to do grevance
To me that am vndir hir legeance
yblis schal I nat hys dome disobeiy
Dubere so hy: less to do me lyve o: dey

Wyth outyn gruching o: rebellious
In Will o: Worde holy I assent
O: ony maner of contradictionne
Fully tobe ac hyr comauandment
And If I ded in my testamente
My hert I send and spirit also
Qui hat ewir sche lust Wyth paim so: to do

And aldirlast to hy: Womā hede
And to here mercy I me recomaund
That lig now here betuix hope and drie
Abiding plenly quhat sche list comauand
For verely this nys no deinaund

Welcom to me quhyl me me leſtith brech
Ryth at hy: chose quhechir It be like o: deth

In this matere more quhat myght I seyne
Sich in hit hond and in hit Will is all.
Both like o: deth my toy o: all my peyne
And fynaly my heste hold I schall
Till my spirit be destyned fatall
Quhen that hy: less fro my body wend
Hauē here my treuth and thus I mak ane end

And Wyth that Wourd he han like as sore
Lyke as his hert wold rybe atueyne
And held his pece and spak o Word nemore
Dor for to se his Wo and mortale peyne
The teiris gan froun myn eene reyñ
Ful pitously for verray inwart reuth
That I hym langh solauguissing for treuth

And al this quhyle my self I kept close
Among the leues and my self gan hyde
Till at the last the woful man arose
And to luge went there beside
Quhere al the may his custom was to habide,
Sole to compleene of his peynes irene
From yere to yere wond the leues grene

And for the canse that it drewo to þ ny
And that the lone his arþ diurnale
ypassyt Was so that his psaume lyþ
His bryþ bemes and his stremes all
Wat in þ waues of the Wader fall
Wondre the boþdour of oure occiane

his chare of gold his course so idilly rane

And quhill the Wylyght and þe Wys rede
Of phebus þe Werre deauest alic
I toke a penne and gan me fast sped
The Woful pleynt of this man to write
Wold be Wold as he did endyte
Lyke as I herd and hond hym to report
I haue here sett yhour hertis in dispot

Syfoucht be my ley the Wite on me
for I am Worthy for to here the blame
If anny thing my report it be
To mak this dyte for to semme lame
Through my unkyngyngh bot for to semme the lame
Lyke as this man his compleynt dit expre
I ax mercy and for gefnese

And as I Wrote me thought I sowe a ferre
In to the West lustre ly appere.
Elperus the goodely bright sterre
So gladdre so ferre so glaunte she of chere
I mene venus Wyth hyr bernes clere
That hevy hertis only to relefe
Is Mount of custom for to schele at eue

And I als fast fell down on my knee
And evyn to hy: thus I han pray
O lady venus so ferre upon the see
Lat not this man for his treuth dey
for that Joy thou haddest quha thow ley
Wyth Mars thy kny quha that vicanus fond
And Wyth a cheyn vrisible you bond

Togider both tueyne in the same quhile
 That all the court aboue celestiale
 At thyounre Ichame gan lauch and singe
 A ferre lady Wele Wylly sond at all
 Comfort to carefull o goddes immortale
 Be helping now and do thy diligence
 To let the stemes of ynic influence

Descend down in furtheryng of thy chreuch
 Nomely of thaym that be in sorow bond
 Shew now thy myght and of there Wo haue reuth
 O fals dangere se hym and confound
 And specialy lat thi myght be found
 For to succure quhat so thou may
 The trew man that in the herberet lay

And al trew men thou furthys for his sauh
 O goodly sterre o lady venus myn
 And cause his lady hym to grace tak
 Hy: hert of steele to mercy so inclyne
 O: that the bernes go up to declyne
 And o: that thou go now so was adoune
 For that loue thou haddest to adone

And quhen that sche was gone to hy: rest
 I rose anone and home to bed went
 For verely me thoghte it for the best
 Preying thus in al my best entent
 That al trew that bene with dangerschent
 With mercy may in relische of there peyne
 Recouerit be or may cum etc ayene

And so: that I may no longer Wake

Fare Wel yhe loneris all that bene trew
 Preynig to god and thus my leif I tak
 That or the son to morow be risen new,
 And or he haue ayne his role he w
 That eche of yhou may haue suiche a grace,
 His olde lady in armes to embrace

I mene thus in all honeste
 Wyth out more yhe may to god speche
 Quhat so yhou list at good liberte
 That ich may cyl vhir there hert brete,
 On Jalously ou lyfe to bilweke
 That hach so long of his malice and endy
 Werredis creuch wyth his tyrany.

Princes pleyn to yowre benignite
 This litel dyte ho haue in mynde
 Of Womman heede alio for to se
 yowre trew man may sum mercy synd
 And pice eke that hach long be by bynd
 Lat than a yen be provoked to grace,
 For by my trewhit is ayenes trynde
 Fals danger to occupy his place

So litel quare go to my lydis quene
 And to my verrey herdis louueraine
 And be ryght gladdie for sche schal the sene
 Suiche is thi grace bot I allace in peyne
 Am leif behynd and notte to quhoun to pleyf
 For mercy trewhit grace and eke pice
 Exild bene that I may nought actyne
 Recolwir to synde of myn aduersite.

Q When be dyvyn deliberacion
Of plons thre in a god hede yfere,
The grete message and hys legacion
Was send unto that blyssit lady dere
Se gabriel scho being in hir prayere
Alyng of god as prophecy dois exprime
To send the son that shuld the Wold redeme

The angel to the virgyn Is removit
And to mary he said, on this manere
Happle full of grace best and best belovit
God is Wyth the/ thou art till hym most dere
Makyng precioule, and principall but pere
Thou suete Wyne tre + Well of sanitee
Goo Will of the cal his humanitee

The virgyn Wondit of that hys message
And was abasit in hir humyl sprete
Unto the angel ha ving this langa ge
Wyth sobir mynde/ and wordis Wonder suete
As scho that was full of grace + replete
How may this be/ I shuld consaine a childe,
I knaw no man/ my maidynhede is vnsyde

Be nought peurbit in thyne aduertence
Thy benignye ere unto my voce inclyne
The fauys powere the sonis sapience
The vertu of the haly gaste dyvyn
Within thy Wame shall obiunbir + schyne
Thou shall consaine bath clene in dede + thought
Hym that the maid/ and all this Wold of nought,

All creaturis on kncis fall ye down

Consent vrgyne unto this hyc message
Quhate by folowis the redempcion
Of Abrahaim and all his hale lynage
Thy Word may now in seruale folk discharge
The fadis erre that dirlnes doith in hance
Wyth wofull Adam weeping in penance.

This gloriouse lady quhoin to we olyme call
As god so waldo his prophecye fullfill
Remembryng erre the wele fare of vs all
Lo here scho laid goddis humyl ancill
Be it to me efter thy Word and Will
And be scho had his Wordis thus exprimyt
Conslant was he that all the wold redenyd

Thou Moyses bush remaynyng incombust
Quhilk was farte signe of thy vrginitet
Refrene vs fra all fraewart fletchly lust
Nothing to ioy, bot in thy lone + the
And gevere vs grace, that houre quhen we shall dee
Be thy meke mene that place in hevin to wyn
That ordanyt was, for Abraham + his kyn

Explicit

Heir endis the mayng and disport of chaucer Impre
tit in the south gait of Edinburghe be Walter chepman
and Androw myllar the fourth day of ayle the yere
of god .M. CCCCL, and viii, yheris.



